THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY

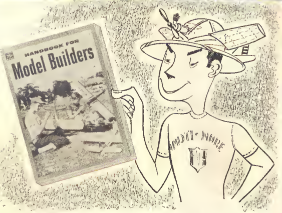
A Fawcett Publication

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.

DEC.
10¢
NO. 104

LAUGHS, LAUGHS AND MORE LAUGHS
AS CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. BATTLES
THE QUEEN OF THE WITCHES

a big, new book for MODEL BUILDERS



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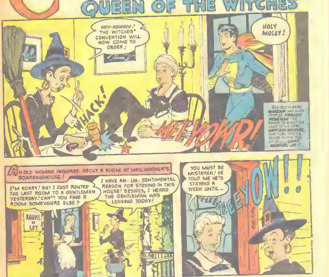
CAPT. MARVEL JR.

BATTLES THE QUEEN OF THE WITCHES


HEH-HEHHHH! THE WITCHES' CONVENTION WILL NOW COME TO ORDER!
HOLY MOLEY!
WHACK!
MEEYOWR!
THE OLD WIZARD, SHAZAM HAS GIVEN CRIPPLED FREDDY FREEMAN THE POWER TO SHOUT THE NAME OF HIS HERO, CAPTAIN MARVEL, AND TURN INTO THE FAMED FLYING FOE OF EVIL... CAPT. MARVEL JR.!
AN OLD WOMAN INQUIRES ABOUT A ROOM AT MRS. WAGNER'S BOARDINGHOUSE!
I'M SORRY! BUT I JUST RENTED THE LAST ROOM TO A GENTLEMAN YESTERDAY! CAN'T YOU FIND A ROOM SOMEWHERE ELSE?
I HAVE AN... UH... SENTIMENTAL REASON FOR STAYING IN THIS HOUSE! BESIDES, I HEARD THE GENTLEMAN WAS LEAVING TODAY!
ROOMS TO LET
YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN! HE TOLD ME HE'S STAYING A WEEK UNTIL...
EEEEEEEEEYOW!!

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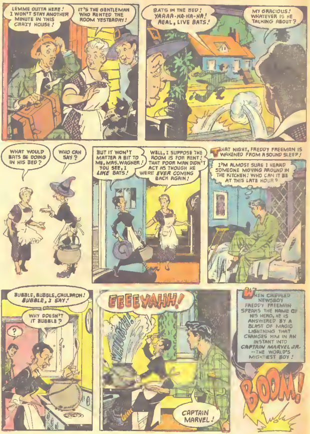
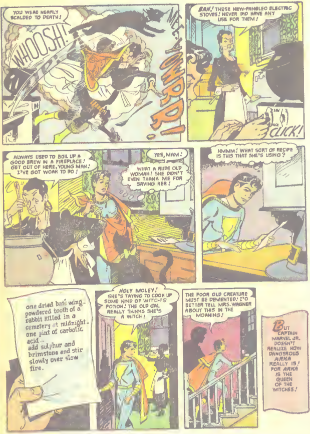
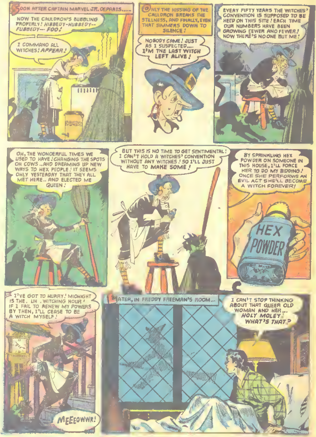
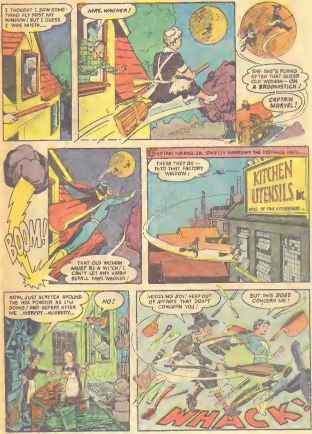
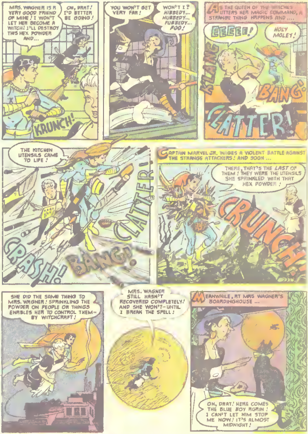
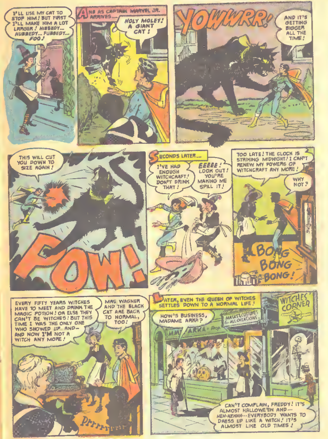

LEMME OUTTA HERE! I WON'T STAY ANOTHER MINUTE IN THIS CRAZY HOUSE!
IT'S THE GENTLEMAN WHO RENTED THE ROOM YESTERDAY!
BATS IN THE BED! YAAAA-HA-HA-HA! REAL, LIVE BATS!
MY GRACIOUS! WHATEVER IS HE TALKING ABOUT?
WHAT WOULD BATS BE DOING IN HIS BED?
WHO CAN SAY?
BUT IT WON'T MATTER A BIT TO ME, MRS. WAGNER! YOU SEE, I LIKE BATS!
WELL, I SUPPOSE THE ROOM IS FOR RENT! THAT POOR MAN DIDN'T ACT AS THOUGH HE WERE EVER COMING BACK AGAIN!
THAT NIGHT, FREDDY FREEMAN IS WAKENED FROM A SOUND SLEEP!
I'M ALMOST SURE I HEARD SOMEONE MOVING AROUND IN THE KITCHEN! WHO CAN IT BE AT THIS LATE HOUR?
BUBBLE, BUBBLE, CAULDRON! BUBBLE, I SAY!
WHY DOESN'T IT BUBBLE?
?
EEEEYAHH!
WHOOOSH!
CAPTAIN MARVEL!
WHEN CRIPPLED NEWSBOY FREDDY FREEMAN SPEAKS THE NAME OF HIS HERO, HE IS ANSWERED BY A BLAST OF MAGIC LIGHTNING THAT CHANGES HIM IN AN INSTANT INTO CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. --THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY!
BOOM!

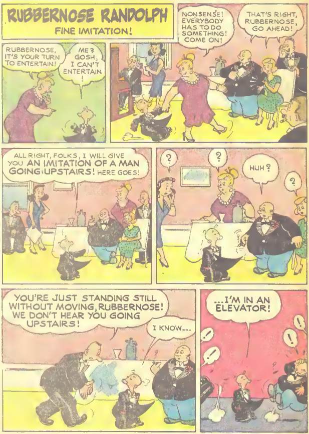

YOU WERE NEARLY SCALDED TO DEATH!
WHOOSH!
MEE-YOWRR!
BAH! THESE NEW-FANGLED ELECTRIC STOVES! NEVER DID HAVE ANY USE FOR THEM!
CLICK!
ALWAYS USED TO BOIL UP A GOOD BREW IN A FIREPLACE! GET OUT OF HERE, YOUNG MAN! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
YES, MAM!
WHAT A RUDE OLD WOMAN! SHE DIDN'T EVEN THANK ME FOR SAVING HER!
HMMM! WHAT SORT OF RECIPE IS THIS THAT SHE'S USING?
one dried bat's wing... powdered tooth of a rabbit killed in a cemetery at midnight... one pint of carbolic acid... add sulphur and brimstone and stir slowly over slow fire.
HOLY MOLEY! SHE'S TRYING TO COOK UP SOME KIND OF WITCH'S POTION! THE OLD GAL REALLY THINKS SHE'S A WITCH!
THE POOR OLD CREATURE MUST BE DEMENTED! I'D BETTER TELL MRS. WAGNER ABOUT THIS IN THE MORNING!
BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. DOESN'T REALIZE HOW DANGEROUS ARKA REALLY IS! FOR ARKA IS THE QUEEN OF THE WITCHES!


SOON AFTER CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. DEPARTS.....
NOW THE CAULDRON'S BUBBLING PROPERLY! *HIBBEDY-HUBBEDY--FUBBEDY-- FOO!*
I COMMAND ALL WITCHES! *APPEAR!*
ONLY THE HISSING OF THE CAULDRON BREAKS THE STILLNESS, AND FINALLY, EVEN THAT SIMMERS DOWN TO SILENCE!
NOBODY CAME! JUST AS I SUSPECTED.... I'M THE LAST WITCH LEFT ALIVE!
EVERY FIFTY YEARS THE WITCHES' CONVENTION IS SUPPOSED TO BE HELD ON THIS SITE! EACH TIME OUR NUMBERS HAVE BEEN GROWING FEWER AND FEWER! NOW THERE'S NO ONE BUT ME!
OH, THE WONDERFUL TIMES WE USED TO HAVE! CHANGING THE SPOTS ON COWS..AND DREAMING UP NEW WAYS TO HEX PEOPLE! IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY THAT THEY ALL MET HERE.. AND ELECTED ME QUEEN!
BUT THIS IS NO TIME TO GET SENTIMENTAL! I CAN'T HOLD A WITCHES' CONVENTION WITHOUT ANY WITCHES! SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO **MAKE SOME!**
BY SPRINKLING HEX POWDER ON SOMEONE IN THIS HOUSE, I'LL FORCE HER TO DO MY BIDDING! ONCE SHE PERFORMS AN EVIL ACT SHE'LL BECOME A WITCH FOREVER!
HEX POWDER
I'VE GOT TO HURRY! MIDNIGHT IS THE. UH . WITCHING HOUR! IF I FAIL TO RENEW MY POWERS BY THEN, I'LL CEASE TO BE A WITCH MYSELF!
MEEEOWWR!
LATER, IN FREDDY FREEMAN'S ROOM...
I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT QUEER OLD WOMAN AND HER... *HOLY MOLEY! WHAT'S THAT?*


I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING FLY PAST MY WINDOW! BUT I GUESS I WAS MISTA....
MRS. WAGNER!
SHE-SHE'S FLYING AFTER THAT QUEER OLD WOMAN--- ON A BROOMSTICK!
CAPTAIN MARVEL!
BOOM!
THAT OLD WOMAN *MUST* BE A WITCH! I CAN'T LET ANY HARM BEFALL MRS WAGNER!
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. SWIFTLY NARROWS THE DISTANCE UNTIL...
THERE THEY GO --- INTO THAT FACTORY WINDOW!
KITCHEN UTENSILS Inc.
MFRS. OF FINE KITCHENWARE
NOW, JUST SCATTER AROUND THE HEX POWDER AS I'M DOING! AND REPEAT AFTER ME . *HIBBEDY* .. *HUBBEDY*...
NO!
MEDDLING BOY! KEEP OUT OF AFFAIRS THAT DON'T CONCERN YOU!
BUT THIS *DOES* CONCERN ME!
WHACK!


MRS. WAGNER IS A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE! I WON'T LET HER BECOME A WITCH! I'LL DESTROY THIS HEX POWDER AND...
OH, DRAT! I'D BETTER BE GOING!
KRUNCH!
YOU WON'T GET VERY FAR!
WON'T I? HIBBEDY... HUBBEDY... FUBBEDY... FOO!
AS THE QUEEN OF THE WITCHES UTTERS HER MAGIC COMMAND, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS AND ....
EEEEE!
HOLY MOLEY!
KLANG
BANG!
CLATTER!
THE KITCHEN UTENSILS CAME TO LIFE!
CLATTER!
CRASH!
BANG!
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. WAGES A VIOLENT BATTLE AGAINST THE STRANGE ATTACKERS! AND SOON ...
THERE, THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM! THEY WERE THE UTENSILS SHE SPRINKLED WITH THAT HEX POWDER!
CRUNCH!
SHE DID THE SAME THING TO MRS. WAGNER! SPRINKLING THE POWDER ON PEOPLE OR THINGS ENABLES HER TO CONTROL THEM– BY WITCHCRAFT!
MRS. WAGNER STILL HASN'T RECOVERED COMPLETELY! AND SHE WON'T–UNTIL I BREAK THE SPELL!
MEANWHILE, AT MRS WAGNER'S BOARDINGHOUSE ...
OH, DRAT! HERE COMES THE BLUE BOY AGAIN! I CAN'T LET HIM STOP ME NOW! IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT!


I'LL USE MY CAT TO STOP HIM! BUT FIRST I'LL MAKE HIM A LOT LARGER! HIBBEDY... HUBBEDY... FUBBEDY... FOO!
AND AS CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. ARRIVES...
HOLY MOLEY! A GIANT CAT!
YOWWRR!
AND IT'S GETTING BIGGER ALL THE TIME!
THIS WILL CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE AGAIN!
POW!
SECONDS LATER...
I'VE HAD ENOUGH WITCHCRAFT! DON'T DRINK THAT!
EEEEE! LOOK OUT! YOU'RE MAKING ME SPILL IT!
TOO LATE! THE CLOCK IS STRIKING MIDNIGHT! I CAN'T RENEW MY POWERS OF WITCHCRAFT ANY MORE!
WHY NOT?
BONG BONG BONG!
EVERY FIFTY YEARS WITCHES HAVE TO MEET AND DRINK THE MAGIC POTION! OR ELSE THEY CAN'T BE WITCHES! BUT THIS TIME I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO SHOWED UP AND-- AND NOW I'M NOT A WITCH ANY MORE!
MRS WAGNER AND THE BLACK CAT ARE BACK TO NORMAL, TOO!
Prrrrrrrrr
LATER, EVEN THE QUEEN OF WITCHES SETTLES DOWN TO A NORMAL LIFE!
HOW'S BUSINESS, MADAME ARKA?
MASKS & COSTUMES for ALL OCCASIONS
WITCHES' CORNER
MM ARKA • Prop.
CAN'T COMPLAIN, FREDDY! IT'S ALMOST HALLOWE'EN AND... HEH-HEHHH... EVERYBODY WANTS TO DRESS UP LIKE A WITCH! IT'S ALMOST LIKE OLD TIMES!


RUBBERNOSE RANDOLPH
FINE IMITATION!
RUBBERNOSE, IT'S YOUR TURN TO ENTERTAIN!
ME? GOSH, I CAN'T ENTERTAIN!
NONSENSE! EVERYBODY HAS TO DO SOMETHING! COME ON!
THAT'S RIGHT, RUBBERNOSE, GO AHEAD!
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, I WILL GIVE YOU AN IMITATION OF A MAN GOING UPSTAIRS! HERE GOES!
?
?
HUH?
?
YOU'RE JUST STANDING STILL WITHOUT MOVING, RUBBERNOSE! WE DON'T HEAR YOU GOING UPSTAIRS!
I KNOW...
...I'M IN AN ELEVATOR!
!
!
!
!

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UNDERCOVER MAN

By John Martin

THE two detectives waited at the end of the dark street. Around them a cordon of cops waited to spring the trap on Kane Mears, the counterfeiting king, who had been traced to the big warehouse on the corner.

Detective Dick Grant, who was in charge, turned to Detective Harley Barrow.

"It's Mears, all right," he whispered. "A man we got on the opposite roof spotted him with a telescope, talking to some guy in that lighted room." He pointed to the top floor of the warehouse.

Barrow grunted dubiously.

"Got him in the hollow of your hand, eh?"

Grant smiled in a superior fashion. He knotted his fist.

"Like that. Mears is a slippery egg. But we've whittled his gang down to nothing. All he's got left—according to what we can gather from undercover work—is a printer's devil and a hot cash salesman. Unlike you, Barrow, I've kept my ears to the ground and my eye on an expert counterfeiter just sprung from jail."

"He contacted Mears all right," Barrow admitted.

"We knew he would. Mears is desperate for new engravers since we cleaned up his last depot of phony plates. All we had to do was trail the counterfeiter—and here we are!"

"I don't like it," Barrow said. "You've got everything down here but the precinct light bulbs. That's no way to grab a guy as slippery as Mears. He's liable to get away."

Grant chuckled softly.

"We've got the building surrounded. Mears needed an isolated place like this to meet that engraver. He'd never suspect we'd bother to trap him here." Grant looked back comfortably at the squad car, parked in shadows and in readiness.

There was a rustle. Grant stirred and turned his eyes to the exit of the warehouse across the street.

"He's got to come through that door. There's no other way out. And he is coming—the light's out in that room!" Grant pointed.

Barrow saw the darkened window. He imagined the slick counterfeiter slipping down the stairs, down the corridors, approaching the door, unaware that at the end of it was capture and prison.

Grant suddenly jumped as a small pebble, with a scrap of paper wrapped around it bounced off his hat. He bent, cursing, and picked it up, unfolding the paper.

"*Look, stupid*," he read, in the uncertain light, "*there's more ways than one of scramming out of a building—like across a roof, for instance! Kane Mears.*" Grant threw the paper down and looked up. "That next building," he yelled, casting all caution to the breeze, "Mears is giving us the slip! Grab him!"

"Wait a minute," Barrow said. It was useless. Streams of cops were already leaving their posts, converging on the building next to the warehouse.

"Come on," Grant urged Barrow, drawing his gun. "And keep quiet. This is my show!"

Barrow shrugged. He went for his own gun and hurried after the other detective.

"Called me stupid, did he?" Grant growled. "I'll get that rat if it's the last thing I do!"

It took Grant fully ten minutes to realize that the building next to the warehouse was empty. They hurried back to the warehouse exit. It swung open, mockingly. Mears was gone.

"You wouldn't listen," Barrow said wearily. "I thought it was a trick. Instead, you . . ."

"All right, all right," Grant raged. "Maybe you can do better."

"I will," Barrow said, as they got into the squad car. "The way to trap a rat is to use the proper kind of bait!"

At the station, Barrow spent the next few hours looking up records. Then he went into Grant's office.

"I'll handle this as an undercover man," he said flatly.

"Murderer or kidnapper?" Grant asked. He was still smarting from his failure to trap Mears.

"Counterfeiter." Barrow smiled. He dropped a paper on Grant's desk. "I'll need a couple of days!"

Grant growled. "If you want to waste your time, go ahead. But if you're trying to make Mears believe you're a real hot money man, save yourself the trouble. He'll want samples. Mears is the cleverest counterfeiter in the business."

"I'll do it," Barrows promised. "All I need is a lead to Mears. And your own undercover boys can do that. From here on in, I'm Curly Synge, counterfeiter just sprung from the big house."

Grant picked up the phone to give tha necessary orders.

"Your funeral, Mr. Synge," he said sarcastically.

After a quick change of clothes from his conservative blue serge to a sport stripe, Barrow was ready. The lead Grant had promised him also was ready. It was a dive on the waterfront where underworld characters hung out. Some of them had, at one time or another, either known Mears or had connections with him

Synge came in about nine o'clock, and went up to the bar. The bartender put a drink in front of him. Synge left it lying there.

"Haven't seen you around before," the bartender said levelly

"Just got out," Synge observed genially. "Back from a little vacation," he said significantly. "Had to get out of town because of writer's cramp." Synge didn't bother lowering his voice. He knew that at least one pair of ears in the place was bent his way.

Behind him a man came up to the bar, bought a drink

"Tough for a man out of a job," the other said quietly.

"I'm always interested in some good, clean work," Synge said, introducing himself. The other's name was Clarke.

They went outside to Clarke's car whicb was parked unobtrusively around the corner. Clarke headed uptown toward the residantial districts. He questioned Synge on his past career. Synge claimed to be one of the finest engravers in the business

"Want to work for Mears?" Clarke asked.

"I hear he wants only the best," Synge said. "I'm the best."

Clarke looked up at him curiously, drove into a quiet side street and parked the car. Up the drive was a small house

"If you're the best," Clarke said suspiciously, "how come you did a stretch up the river?" They started up the path.

"A stoolie got me," Synge said. "But not my samples. I had them stashed away." He peeled a twenty-dollar bill out of his wallet, showed it to tbe other under the porch light. Clarke whistled, examining it carefully, expertly.

"You'll do," he said, with satisfaction. "I'va handled lots of stuff in my time, but nothing as good as this."

Inside, he led the way downstairs, koocked at the door that let him into the cellar. A voice told him to coma in.

The cellar room was brightly lit. At a table sat Mears. Synge recognized him from his Rogues Gallery picture. In back of him was a counterfeiting press and an engraving table. The engraver Mears had picked up at the warehouse got up.

"It's all right," Mears said. "Clarke wouldn't bring any deadheads."

Clarke introduced Synge.

"Just sprung, eh?" Mears asked. "I nevar heard of you."

"I used to work alooe." Synga said. "I was so good I was never caught, until somebody ratted on me."

The counterfeiting king smiled.

"Got any samples, or will you have to engrave a few?" he asked.

Synge produced his wallet, handed over a twenty-dollar bill.

"Collins," Mears called. "Come over hera."

The engraver looked at Synge's bill and nodded gravely.

"Best I ever saw. Almost perfect."

"It is perfect," Mears said, looking at it. "You're hired, Synge."

Mears faca fell. Synge had backed away. The gun he'd drawn pointed at the cellar door.

"Let's all go upstairs," Synge said pleasantly. "I've got a date to phone my precinct. As I remember, tbere's a phone in the hall."

Grant and two squad cars arrived twenty minutes later. Bracelets were snapped on the snarling, raging Mears, Clarke, and Collins, the engraver.

"How did you do it?" Grant asked.

"I TOLD YOU the problam was just using the right bait," Barrow said. Mears stared.

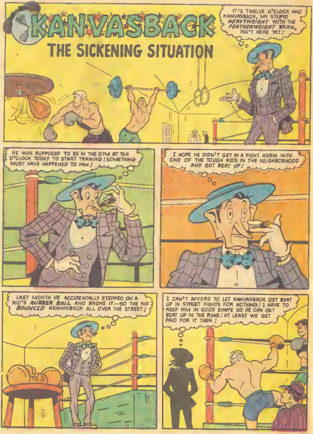
"Clarke picked me up when he heard me hint I was a counterfeiter just sprung from the big house," Barrow continued. "He knew Mears naeded an expert man—someone better than Collins."

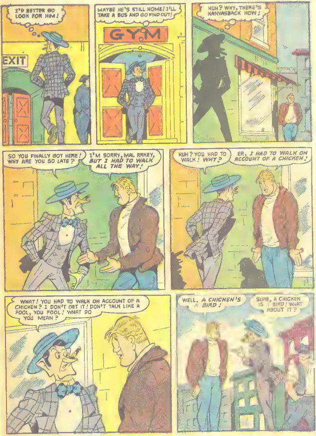
"But you had to convince Clarke, Collins and Mears with your own samples. And the samples bad to be perfect, almost the real thing!" Grant observed.

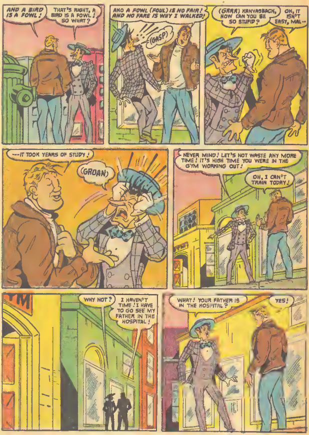
Barrow smiled. He took his wallet, extracted a twenty-dollar bill. Mears, standing nearby, went whita.

"My samples were plenty good," Barrow said. "In fact they came right out of Uncla Sam's printing plant in Washingtoo. I usad a real bill!"

THE END


KANVASBACK
THE SICKENING SITUATION
IT'S TWELVE O'CLOCK AND KANVASBACK, MY STUPID *HEAVYWEIGHT* WITH THE *FEATHERWEIGHT* BRAIN, ISN'T HERE YET!
HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE GYM AT TEN O'CLOCK TODAY TO START TRAINING! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM!
I HOPE HE DIDN'T GET IN A FIGHT AGAIN WITH ONE OF THE TOUGH KIDS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND GOT BEAT UP!
LAST MONTH HE ACCIDENTALLY STEPPED ON A KID'S *RUBBER BALL* AND BROKE IT---SO THE KID *BOUNCED* KANVASBACK ALL OVER THE STREET!
I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET KANVASBACK GET BEAT UP IN STREET FIGHTS FOR NOTHING! I HAVE TO KEEP HIM IN GOOD SHAPE SO HE CAN GET BEAT UP IN THE RING! AT LEAST WE GET PAID FOR IT THEN!


I'D BETTER GO LOOK FOR HIM!
EXIT
MAYBE HE'S STILL HOME! I'LL TAKE A BUS AND GO FIND OUT!
GYM
HUH? WHY, THERE'S KANVASBACK NOW!
SO YOU FINALLY GOT HERE! WHY ARE YOU SO LATE?
I'M SORRY, MAL RAKEY, *BUT I HAD TO WALK ALL THE WAY!*
HUH? YOU HAD TO WALK! *WHY?*
ER, *I HAD TO WALK ON ACCOUNT OF A CHICKEN!*
WHAT! YOU HAD TO WALK ON ACCOUNT OF A CHICKEN? I DON'T GET IT! DON'T TALK LIKE A FOOL, YOU FOOL! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WELL, *A CHICKEN'S A BIRD!*
SURE, A CHICKEN IS A BIRD! WHAT ABOUT IT?


AND A BIRD IS A FOWL!
THAT'S RIGHT, A BIRD IS A FOWL! SO WHAT?
AND A FOWL (FOUL) IS NO FAIR! AND NO FARE IS WHY I WALKED!
(GASP)
(GRRR) KANVASBACK, HOW CAN YOU BE SO STUPID?
OH, IT ISN'T EASY, MAL--
--IT TOOK YEARS OF STUDY!
(GROAN)
NEVER MIND! LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE TIME! IT'S HIGH TIME YOU WERE IN THE GYM WORKING OUT!
OH, I CAN'T TRAIN TODAY!
YM
WHY NOT?
I HAVEN'T TIME! I HAVE TO GO SEE MY FATHER IN THE HOSPITAL!
WHAT! YOUR FATHER IS IN THE HOSPITAL?
YES!
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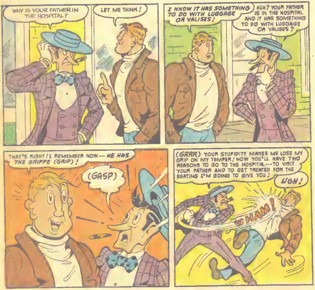
WHY IS YOUR FATHER IN THE HOSPITAL?
LET ME THINK!
I KNOW IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH LUGGAGE OR VALISES!
HUH? YOUR FATHER IS IN THE HOSPITAL AND IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH LUGGAGE OR VALISES?
THAT'S RIGHT! I REMEMBER NOW--- HE HAS THE GRIPPE (GRIP)!
(GASP)
(GRRR) YOUR STUPIDITY MAKES ME LOSE MY GRIP ON MY TEMPER! NOW YOU'LL HAVE TWO REASONS TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL---TO VISIT YOUR FATHER AND TO GET TREATED FOR THE BEATING I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU!
UGH!
WHAM!

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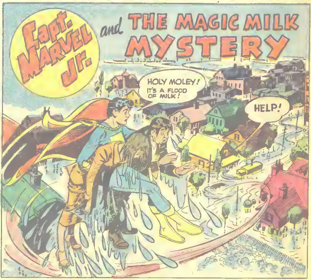
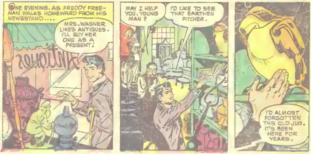
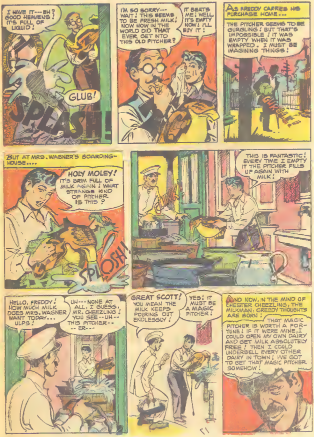
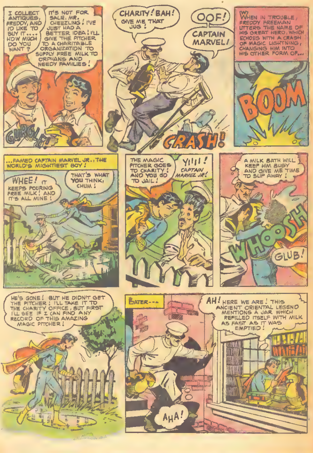
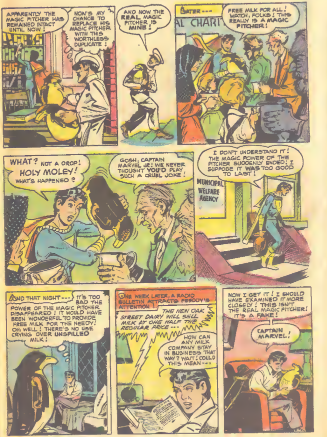
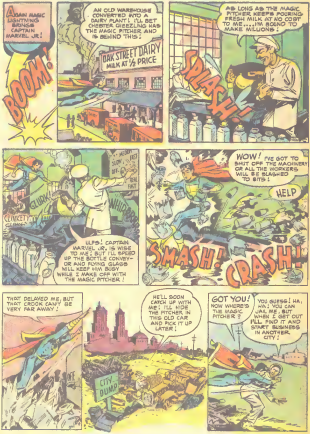

Capt. Marvel Jr. and THE MAGIC MILK MYSTERY
HOLY MOLEY! IT'S A FLOOD OF MILK!
HELP!

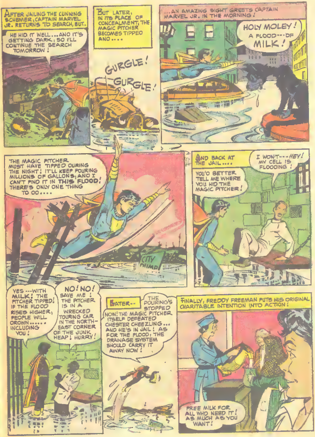

ONE EVENING, AS FREDDY FREEMAN WALKS HOMEWARD FROM HIS NEWSSTAND....
MRS. WAGNER LIKES ANTIQUES. I'LL BUY HER ONE AS A PRESENT!
Antiques
MAY I HELP YOU, YOUNG MAN?
I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT EARTHEN PITCHER.
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN THIS OLD JUG. IT'S BEEN HERE FOR YEARS.

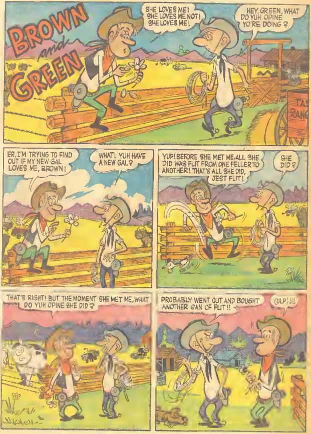

I HAVE IT---EH? GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S FULL OF LIQUID!
GLUB!
SPLASH!
I'M SO SORRY--- WAIT! THIS SEEMS TO BE FRESH MILK! NOW HOW IN THE WORLD DID THAT EVER GET INTO THIS OLD PITCHER?
IT BEATS ME! WELL, IT'S EMPTY NOW! I'LL BUY IT!
AS FREDDY CARRIES HIS PURCHASE HOME...
THE PITCHER SEEMS TO BE GURGLING! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT WAS EMPTY WHEN IT WAS WRAPPED. I MUST BE IMAGINING THINGS!
GURGLE
BUT AT MRS. WAGNER'S BOARDING-HOUSE....
HOLY MOLEY! IT'S BRIM FULL OF MILK AGAIN! WHAT STRANGE KIND OF PITCHER IS THIS?
SPLOSH!
CLINK
THIS IS FANTASTIC! EVERY TIME I EMPTY IT THE PITCHER FILLS UP AGAIN WITH MILK!
HELLO, FREDDY! HOW MUCH MILK DOES MRS. WAGNER WANT TODAY... ULPS!
UH--- NONE AT ALL, I GUESS, MR. CHEEZLING! YOU SEE--UH-- THIS PITCHER-- --ER---
GREAT SCOTT! YOU MEAN THE MILK KEEPS POURING OUT ENDLESSLY!
YES! IT MUST BE A MAGIC PITCHER!
AND NOW, IN THE MIND OF CHESTER CHEEZLING, THE MILKMAN, GREEDY THOUGHTS ARE BORN!
THAT MAGIC PITCHER IS WORTH A FORTUNE! IF IT WERE MINE, I COULD OPEN MY OWN DAIRY AND GET MILK ABSOLUTELY FREE! THEN I COULD UNDERSELL EVERY OTHER DAIRY IN TOWN! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT MAGIC PITCHER SOMEHOW!

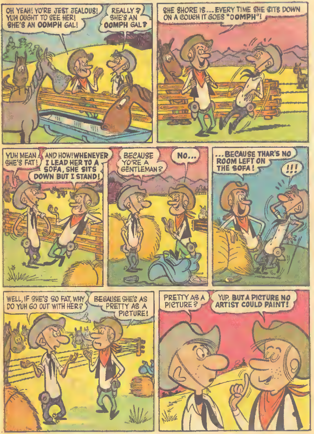

I COLLECT ANTIQUES, FREDDY, AND I'D LIKE TO BUY IT.... HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT?
IT'S NOT FOR SALE, MR. CHEEZLING! I'VE JUST HAD A BETTER IDEA! I'LL GIVE THE PITCHER TO A CHARITABLE ORGANIZATION TO SUPPLY FREE MILK TO ORPHANS AND NEEDY FAMILIES!
GURGLE!
CHARITY! BAH! GIVE ME THAT JUG!
OOF!
CAPTAIN MARVEL!
CRASH!
WHEN IN TROUBLE, FREDDY FREEMAN UTTERS THE NAME OF HIS GREAT HERO, WHICH ECHOES WITH A CRASH OF MAGIC LIGHTNING, CHANGING HIM INTO HIS OTHER FORM OF...
BOOM
...FAMED CAPTAIN MARVEL JR., THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY!
WHEE! IT KEEPS POURING FREE MILK! AND IT'S ALL MINE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHUM!
THE MAGIC PITCHER GOES TO CHARITY! AND YOU GO TO JAIL!
YI!!!! CAPTAIN MARVEL JR!
A MILK BATH WILL KEEP HIM BUSY AND GIVE ME TIME TO SLIP AWAY!
WHOOSH
GLUB!
HE'S GONE! BUT HE DIDN'T GET THE PITCHER! I'LL TAKE IT TO THE CHARITY OFFICE, BUT FIRST I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND ANY RECORD OF THIS AMAZING MAGIC PITCHER!
LATER---
AH! HERE WE ARE! THIS ANCIENT ORIENTAL LEGEND MENTIONS A JAR WHICH REFILLED ITSELF WITH MILK AS FAST AS IT WAS EMPTIED!
AHA!

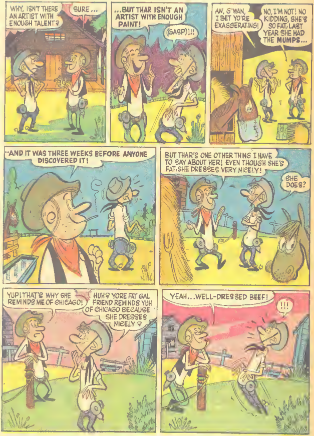

APPARENTLY THE MAGIC PITCHER HAS REMAINED INTACT UNTIL NOW!
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO REPLACE HIS MAGIC PITCHER WITH THIS WORTHLESS DUPLICATE!
AND NOW THE REAL MAGIC PITCHER IS MINE!
LATER---
AL CHARIT
FREE MILK FOR ALL! WATCH, FOLKS! THIS REALLY IS A MAGIC PITCHER!
WHAT? NOT A DROP! HOLY MOLEY! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
GOSH, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR! WE NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D PLAY SUCH A CRUEL JOKE!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE MAGIC POWER OF THE PITCHER SUDDENLY ENDED! I SUPPOSE IT WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST!
MUNICIPAL WELFARE AGENCY
AND THAT NIGHT---
IT'S TOO BAD THE POWER OF THE MAGIC PITCHER DISAPPEARED! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL TO PROVIDE FREE MILK FOR THE NEEDY! OH, WELL! THERE'S NO USE CRYING OVER UNSPILLED MILK!
ONE WEEK LATER, A RADIO BULLETIN ATTRACTS FREDDY'S ATTENTION!
THE NEW OAK STREET DAIRY WILL SELL MILK AT ONE HALF THE REGULAR PRICE---
HOW CAN ANY MILK COMPANY STAY IN BUSINESS THAT WAY? WAIT! COULD THIS MEAN---
NOW I GET IT! I SHOULD HAVE EXAMINED IT MORE CLOSELY! THIS ISN'T THE REAL MAGIC PITCHER! IT'S A FAKE!
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

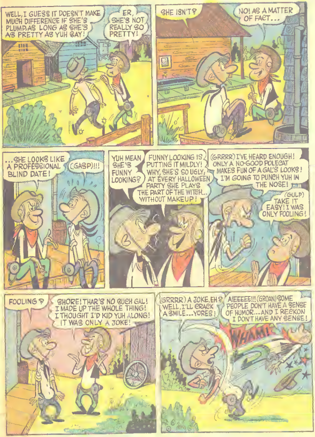

AGAIN MAGIC LIGHTNING BRINGS CAPTAIN MARVEL JR!
BOOM!
AN OLD WAREHOUSE CONVERTED INTO A DAIRY PLANT! I'LL BET CHESTER CHEEZLING HAS THE MAGIC PITCHER AND IS BEHIND THIS!
OAK STREET DAIRY MILK AT ½ PRICE
DAIRY
AS LONG AS THE MAGIC PITCHER KEEPS POURING FRESH MILK AT NO COST TO ME....I'M BOUND TO MAKE MILLIONS!
SPLASH!
MEDIUM
SLOW
FAST
OFF
REAL FAST
GLURK!
CLINKETY CLINK
WHIRRRRR
ULPS! CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. IS WISE TO ME! BUT I'LL SPEED UP THE BOTTLE CONVEYOR AND FLYING GLASS WILL KEEP HIM BUSY WHILE I MAKE OFF WITH THE MAGIC PITCHER!
WOW! I'VE GOT TO SHUT OFF THE MACHINERY OR ALL THE WORKERS WILL BE SLASHED TO BITS!
HELP
SMASH!
CRASH!
THAT DELAYED ME, BUT THAT CROOK CAN'T BE VERY FAR AWAY!
OFF
HE'LL SOON CATCH UP WITH ME! I'LL HIDE THE PITCHER IN THIS OLD CAR AND PICK IT UP LATER!
CITY DUMP
GOT YOU! NOW WHERE'S THE MAGIC PITCHER?
YOU GUESS! HA, HA! YOU CAN JAIL ME, BUT WHEN I GET OUT I'LL FIND IT AND START BUSINESS IN ANOTHER CITY!


AFTER JAILING THE CUNNING SCHEMER, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. RETURNS TO SEARCH, BUT,
HE HID IT WELL...AND IT'S GETTING DARK, SO I'LL CONTINUE THE SEARCH TOMORROW!
BUT LATER, IN ITS PLACE OF CONCEALMENT, THE MAGIC PITCHER BECOMES TIPPED AND....
GURGLE!
GURGLE!
...AN AMAZING SIGHT GREETS CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. IN THE MORNING!
HOLY MOLEY! A FLOOD---OF MILK!
THE MAGIC PITCHER MUST HAVE TIPPED DURING THE NIGHT! IT'LL KEEP POURING MILLIONS OF GALLONS, AND I CAN'T FIND IT IN THIS FLOOD! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO....
CITY DUMP
AND BACK AT THE JAIL....
I WON'T---HEY! MY CELL IS FLOODING!
YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHERE YOU HID THE MAGIC PITCHER!
YES---WITH MILK! THE PITCHER TIPPED! IF THE FLOOD RISES HIGHER, PEOPLE WILL DROWN...... INCLUDING YOU!
NO! NO! SAVE ME! THE PITCHER IS IN A WRECKED TOURING CAR IN THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE JUNK HEAP! HURRY!
LATER--
THE POURING'S STOPPED NOW! THE MAGIC PITCHER ITSELF DEFEATED CHESTER CHEEZLING... AND HE'S IN JAIL! AS FOR THE FLOOD, THE DRAINAGE SYSTEM SHOULD CARRY IT AWAY NOW!
FINALLY, FREDDY FREEMAN PUTS HIS ORIGINAL CHARITABLE INTENTION INTO ACTION!
FREE MILK FOR ALL WHO NEED IT! AS MUCH AS YOU WANT!

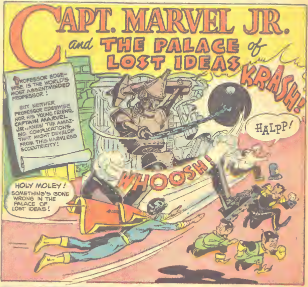

BROWN and GREEN
SHE LOVES ME! SHE LOVES ME NOT! SHE LOVES ME!
HEY, GREEN, WHAT DO YUH OPINE YO'RE DOING ?
ER, I'M TRYING TO FIND OUT IF MY NEW GAL LOVES ME, BROWN!
WHAT! YUH HAVE A NEW GAL ?
YUP! BEFORE SHE MET ME, ALL SHE DID WAS FLIT FROM ONE FELLER TO ANOTHER! THAT'S ALL SHE DID, JEST FLIT!
SHE DID ?
THAT'S RIGHT! BUT THE MOMENT SHE MET ME, WHAT DO YUH OPINE SHE DID ?
PROBABLY WENT OUT AND BOUGHT ANOTHER CAN OF FLIT !!
(ULP)!!!

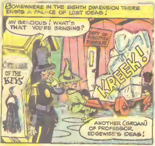

OH YEAH! YO'RE JEST JEALOUS! YUH OUGHT TO SEE HER! SHE'S AN OOMPH GAL!
REALLY? SHE'S AN OOMPH GAL?
SHE SHORE IS.... EVERY TIME SHE SITS DOWN ON A COUCH IT GOES "OOMPH"!
YUH MEAN SHE'S FAT!
AND HOW! WHENEVER I LEAD HER TO A SOFA, SHE SITS DOWN BUT I STAND!
BECAUSE YO'RE A GENTLEMAN?
NO...
...BECAUSE THAR'S NO ROOM LEFT ON THE SOFA!
!!!
WELL, IF SHE'S SO FAT, WHY DO YUH GO OUT WITH HER?
BECAUSE SHE'S AS PRETTY AS A PICTURE!
PRETTY AS A PICTURE?
YUP, BUT A PICTURE NO ARTIST COULD PAINT!

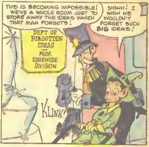

WHY, ISN'T THERE AN ARTIST WITH ENOUGH TALENT?
SURE...
...BUT THAR ISN'T AN ARTIST WITH ENOUGH PAINT!
(GASP)!!!
AW, G'WAN, I BET YO'RE EXAGGERATING!
NO, I'M NOT! NO KIDDING, SHE'S SO FAT, LAST YEAR SHE HAD THE MUMPS...
...AND IT WAS THREE WEEKS BEFORE ANYONE DISCOVERED IT!
BUT THAR'S ONE OTHER THING I HAVE TO SAY ABOUT HER! EVEN THOUGH SHE'S FAT, SHE DRESSES VERY NICELY!
SHE DOES?
YUP! THAT'S WHY SHE REMINDS ME OF CHICAGO!
HUH? YORE FAT GAL FRIEND REMINDS YUH OF CHICAGO BECAUSE SHE DRESSES NICELY?
YEAH...WELL-DRESSED BEEF!
!!!

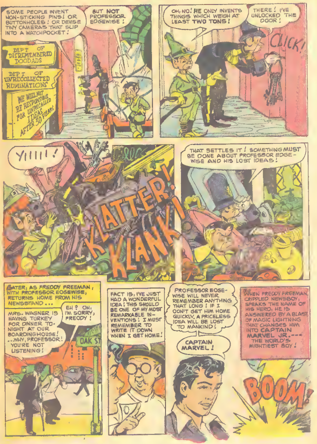

WELL, I GUESS IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE IF SHE'S PLUMP, AS LONG AS SHE'S AS PRETTY AS YUH SAY!
ER, SHE'S NOT REALLY SO PRETTY!
SHE ISN'T?
NO! AS A MATTER OF FACT...
...SHE LOOKS LIKE A PROFESSIONAL BLIND DATE!
(GASP)!!!
YUH MEAN SHE'S FUNNY LOOKING?
FUNNY LOOKING IS PUTTING IT MILDLY! WHY, SHE'S SO UGLY, AT EVERY HALLOWEEN PARTY SHE PLAYS THE PART OF THE WITCH... WITHOUT MAKEUP!
(GRRRR) I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! ONLY A NO-GOOD POLECAT MAKES FUN OF A GAL'S LOOKS! I'M GOING TO PUNCH YUH IN THE NOSE!
(GULP) TAKE IT EASY! I WAS ONLY FOOLING!
FOOLING?
SHORE! THAR'S NO SUCH GAL! I MADE UP THE WHOLE THING! I THOUGHT I'D KID YUH ALONG! IT WAS ONLY A JOKE!
(GRRRR) A JOKE, EH? WELL, I'LL CRACK A SMILE...YORES!
WHAM!
AIEEEEE!!! (GROAN) SOME PEOPLE DON'T HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR...AND I RECKON I DON'T HAVE ANY SENSE!

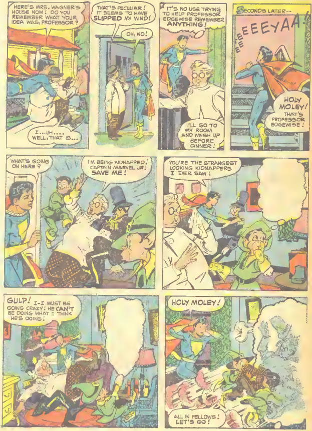
CAPT. MARVEL JR. and THE PALACE of LOST IDEAS

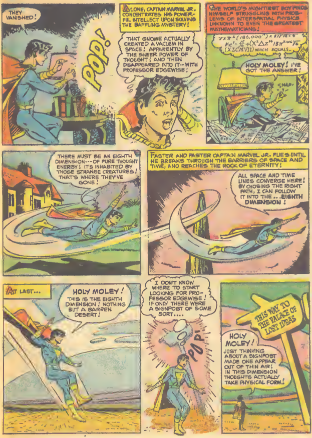

PROFESSOR EDGEWISE IS THE WORLD'S MOST ABSENTMINDED PROFESSOR!
BUT NEITHER PROFESSOR EDGEWISE NOR HIS YOUNG FRIEND, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR., KNEW THE AMAZING COMPLICATIONS THAT MIGHT DEVELOP FROM THIS HARMLESS ECCENTRICITY!
KRASH!
HALPP!
WHOOSH!
HOLY MOLEY! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG IN THE PALACE OF LOST IDEAS!

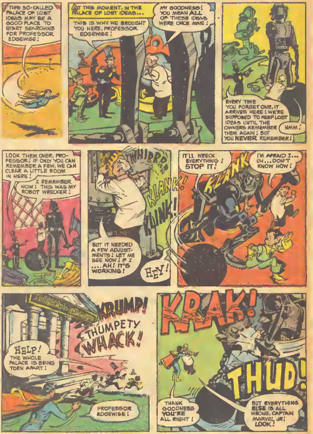

SOMEWHERE IN THE EIGHTH DIMENSION THERE EXISTS A PALACE OF LOST IDEAS!
MY GRACIOUS! WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE BRINGING?
DEPT OF FORGOTTEN FORMULAE
OF THE KEYS
KREEK!
ANOTHER (GROAN) OF PROFESSOR EDGEWISE'S IDEAS!

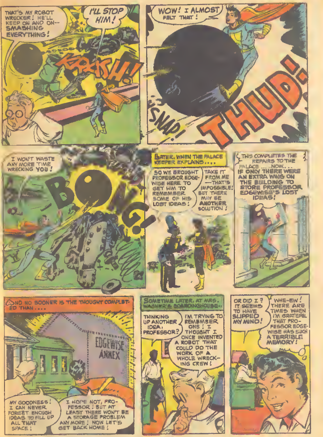

THIS IS BECOMING IMPOSSIBLE! WE'VE A WHOLE ROOM JUST TO STORE AWAY THE IDEAS WHICH THAT MAN FORGETS!
SIGHH! I WISH HE WOULDN'T FORGET SUCH BIG IDEAS!
DEPT OF FORGOTTEN IDEAS — PROF. EDGEWISE DIVISION
KLINK!


SOME PEOPLE INVENT NON-STICKING PINS! OR BUTTONHOLES! OR DEVISE TINY CAMERAS THAT SLIP INTO A WATCHPOCKET!
BUT NOT PROFESSOR EDGEWISE!
DEPT OF DISREMEMBERED DOODADS
DEPT OF UNRECOLLECTED RUMINATIONS
WE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR UNRECALLED IDEAS AFTER 30 YEARS
OH, NO! HE ONLY INVENTS THINGS WHICH WEIGH AT LEAST TWO TONS!
THERE! I'VE UNLOCKED THE DOOR!
CLICK!
YIIII!
KLATTER! KLANK!
THAT SETTLES IT! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT PROFESSOR EDGEWISE AND HIS LOST IDEAS!
LATER, AS FREDDY FREEMAN, WITH PROFESSOR EDGEWISE, RETURNS HOME FROM HIS NEWSSTAND...
MRS. WAGNER IS HAVING TURKEY FOR DINNER TONIGHT AT OUR BOARDINGHOUSE! ...WHY, PROFESSOR! YOU'RE NOT LISTENING!
EH? OH, I'M SORRY, FREDDY!
OAK ST
FACT IS, I'VE JUST HAD A WONDERFUL IDEA! THIS SHOULD BE ONE OF MY MOST REMARKABLE INVENTIONS! I MUST REMEMBER TO WRITE IT DOWN WHEN I GET HOME!
PROFESSOR EDGEWISE WILL NEVER REMEMBER ANYTHING THAT LONG! IF I DON'T GET HIM HOME QUICKLY, A PRICELESS IDEA WILL BE LOST TO MANKIND!
CAPTAIN MARVEL!
WHEN FREDDY FREEMAN, CRIPPLED NEWSBOY, SPEAKS THE NAME OF HIS HERO, HE IS ANSWERED BY A BLAST OF MAGIC LIGHTNING THAT CHANGES HIM INTO CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.--- THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY!
BOOM!


HERE'S MRS. WAGNER'S HOUSE NOW! DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOUR IDEA WAS, PROFESSOR?
I...UH.... WELL, THAT IS...
THAT'S PECULIAR! IT SEEMS TO HAVE SLIPPED MY MIND!
OH, NO!
IT'S NO USE TRYING TO HELP PROFESSOR EDGEWISE REMEMBER ANYTHING!
I'LL GO TO MY ROOM AND WASH UP BEFORE DINNER!
SECONDS LATER--
EEEEEYAA!
HOLY MOLEY! THAT'S PROFESSOR EDGEWISE!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I'M BEING KIDNAPPED! CAPTAIN MARVEL JR! SAVE ME!
YOU'RE THE STRANGEST LOOKING KIDNAPPERS I EVER SAW!
GULP! I-I MUST BE GOING CRAZY! HE CAN'T BE DOING WHAT I THINK HE'S DOING!
HOLY MOLEY!
ALL IN FELLOWS! LET'S GO!


THEY VANISHED!
POP!
ALONE, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. CONCENTRATES HIS POWERFUL INTELLECT UPON SOLVING THE BAFFLING MYSTERY!
THAT GNOME ACTUALLY CREATED A VACUUM IN SPACE! APPARENTLY BY THE SHEER POWER OF THOUGHT! AND THEN DISAPPEARED INTO IT--WITH PROFESSOR EDGEWISE!
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY FINDS HIMSELF STRUGGLING WITH PROBLEMS OF INTERSPATIAL PHYSICS UNKNOWN TO EVEN THE GREATEST MATHEMATICIANS!
$V \times \pi^2 (186{,}000'') \times 87/\sqrt{8} \div 6$ $Mc^7 \div \frac{15}{6} + (X^2 \Delta z^{24} 13\pi^{3.1416}\sqrt{6}$ (XLCMVII) WHICH EQUALS...
HOLY MOLEY! I'VE GOT THE ANSWER!
SNAP
THERE MUST BE AN EIGHTH DIMENSION---OF PURE THOUGHT ENERGY! IT'S INHABITED BY THOSE STRANGE CREATURES! THAT'S WHERE THEY'VE GONE!
FASTER AND FASTER CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. FLIES UNTIL HE BREAKS THROUGH THE BARRIERS OF SPACE AND TIME, AND REACHES THE ROCK OF ETERNITY!
ALL SPACE AND TIME LINES CONVERGE HERE! BY CHOSING THE RIGHT PATH, I CAN FOLLOW IT INTO THE...EIGHTH DIMENSION!
AT LAST...
HOLY MOLEY! THIS IS THE EIGHTH DIMENSION! NOTHING BUT A BARREN DESERT!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING FOR PROFESSOR EDGEWISE! IF ONLY THERE WERE A SIGNPOST OF SOME SORT....
POP!
THIS WAY TO THE PALACE OF LOST IDEAS
HOLY MOLEY! JUST THINKING ABOUT A SIGNPOST MADE ONE APPEAR OUT OF THIN AIR! IN THIS DIMENSION THOUGHTS ACTUALLY TAKE PHYSICAL FORM!


THIS SO-CALLED PALACE OF LOST IDEAS MAY BE A GOOD PLACE TO START SEARCHING FOR PROFESSOR EDGEWISE!
AT THIS MOMENT, IN THE PALACE OF LOST IDEAS...
THIS IS WHY WE BROUGHT YOU HERE, PROFESSOR EDGEWISE!
MY GOODNESS! YOU MEAN ALL OF THESE IDEAS WERE ONCE MINE!
EVERY TIME YOU FORGET ONE, IT ARRIVES HERE! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO KEEP LOST IDEAS UNTIL THE OWNERS REMEMBER THEM AGAIN! BUT YOU NEVER REMEMBER!
HMM!
LOOK THEM OVER, PROFESSOR! IF ONLY YOU CAN REMEMBER A FEW, WE CAN CLEAR A LITTLE ROOM IN HERE!
I REMEMBER NOW! THIS WAS MY ROBOT WRECKER!
WHIRRRR
KLANK!
KLINK!
BUT IT NEEDED A FEW ADJUSTMENTS! LET ME SEE NOW! IF I ....AH! IT'S WORKING!
HEY!
IT'LL WRECK EVERYTHING! STOP IT!
KLANK
I'M AFRAID I... UH...DON'T KNOW HOW!
KRUMP!
THUMPETY WHACK!
HELP! THE WHOLE PALACE IS BEING TORN APART!
PROFESSOR EDGEWISE!
KRAK!
THUD!
THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
BUT EVERYTHING ELSE IS ALL WRONG, CAPTAIN MARVEL, JR! LOOK!


THAT'S MY ROBOT WRECKER! HE'LL KEEP ON AND ON-- SMASHING EVERYTHING!
I'LL STOP HIM!
KRRRSH!!
WOW! I ALMOST FELT THAT!
SNAP!
THUD!
I WON'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME WRECKING YOU!
BONG!
LATER, WHEN THE PALACE KEEPER EXPLAINS....
SO WE BROUGHT PROFESSOR EDGEWISE HERE TO GET HIM TO REMEMBER SOME OF HIS LOST IDEAS!
TAKE IT FROM ME --THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT THERE MAY BE ANOTHER SOLUTION!
THIS COMPLETES THE REPAIRS TO THE PALACE ....NOW... IF ONLY THERE WERE AN EXTRA WING ON THE BUILDING TO STORE PROFESSOR EDGEWISE'S LOST IDEAS!
AND NO SOONER IS THE THOUGHT COMPLETED THAN....
EDGEWISE ANNEX
MY GOODNESS! I CAN NEVER FORGET ENOUGH IDEAS TO FILL UP ALL THAT SPACE!
I HOPE NOT, PROFESSOR! BUT AT LEAST THERE WON'T BE A STORAGE PROBLEM ANY MORE! NOW LET'S GET BACK HOME!
SOMETIME LATER, AT MRS. WAGNER'S BOARDINGHOUSE--
THINKING UP ANOTHER IDEA, PROFESSOR?
I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER ONE! I THOUGHT I ONCE INVENTED A ROBOT THAT COULD DO THE WORK OF A WHOLE WRECKING CREW!
OR DID I? IT SEEMS TO HAVE SLIPPED MY MIND!
WHE-EW! THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I'M GRATEFUL THAT PROFESSOR EDGEWISE HAS SUCH A TERRIBLE MEMORY!

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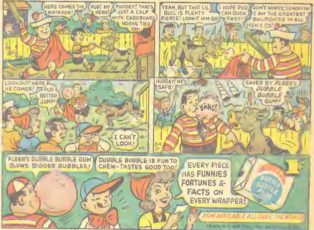
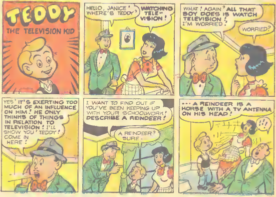
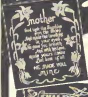

HERE COMES THE MATADOR!
PUD! MY HERO!
PHOOEY! THAT'S JUST A CALF WITH CARDBOARD HORNS TIED ON-
YEAH, BUT THAT LIL BULL IS PLENTY FIERCE! LOOKIT HIM GO!
I HOPE PUD CAN DUCK FAST!
DON'T WORRY, SENORITA! I AM THE GREATEST BULLFIGHTER IN ALL MEK-I CO!
LOOKOUT! HERE HE COMES!
PUD BETTER JUMP!
I CAN'T LOOK!
HURRAY! HE'S SAFE!
BANG!
SAVED BY FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES!
DUBBLE BUBBLE IS FUN TO CHEW-TASTES GOOD TOO!
EVERY PIECE HAS FUNNIES FORTUNES & FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!
1¢
DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM
NOW AVAILABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD
FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA, PA.


TEDDY
THE TELEVISION KID
HELLO, JANICE! WHERE'S TEDDY?
WATCHING TELE-VISION!
WHAT! AGAIN? ALL THAT BOY DOES IS WATCH TELEVISION! I'M WORRIED!
WORRIED?
YES! IT'S EXERTING TOO MUCH OF AN INFLUENCE ON HIM! HE ONLY THINKS OF THINGS IN RELATION TO TELEVISION! I'LL SHOW YOU! TEDDY! COME IN HERE!
I WANT TO FIND OUT IF YOU'VE BEEN KEEPING UP WITH YOUR SCHOOLWORK! DESCRIBE A REINDEER!
A REINDEER? SURE-
... A REINDEER IS A HORSE WITH A TV ANTENNA ON HIS HEAD!
!!!

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes



SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 25¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 15¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

Write to
STEPHENS
CREDIT SALES
Dept. B 102
P. O. Box 1004
NASHVILLE,
TENNESSEE

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

Dept. B 102 P. O. Box 1004
Nashville 3, Tennessee

SPEAKIN' OF CHRISTMAS, PARDNER, I'D SURE SEND FOR DAISY'S AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK! IT TELLS HOW YOU CAN JOIN THE NRA AS A JUNIOR MEMBER AN' LEARN TO SHOOT YOUR CHRISTMAS DAISY SAFELY UNDER ADULT SUPERVISION. DAD WILL ENJOY READING IT, TOO! —Red Ryder
"THAT GENUINE CARBINE BAND AROUND TH BARREL IS THE SAME STYLE OF BAND ON WESTERN CARBINES CARRIED BY COWBOYS!"
GRAB THIS HUSKY CURVED FULL LENGTH FORE PIECE IT 'SNUGS' INTO YOUR HAND AND HOLDS THE CARBINE STEADY AS A ROCK!"
'LOOKS JUST LIKE A REAL COWBOY CARBINE THAT'S WHY I'M PROUD TO HAVE MY NAME MY PICTURE AND HORSE EMBOSSED ON STOCK!
SEND THE COUPON, 10¢ AND UNUSED 3¢ STAMP, LITTLE BEAVER!
YOU BETCHUM, RED RYDER! ME DO IT NOW. ME WANTUM FACTS ON CARBINE AN' NRA! —Little Beaver
The DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN
RED RYDER
Felt Brassard
MEMBER
Membership Wallet Card
Junior Rifle Handbook

Shoot THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000-SHOT RED RYDER

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER N Y

COWBOY CARBINE

Here's a Christmas Gift idea your Dad will like: Get a RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE *plus* a junior membership in the famous National Rifle Association! This husky, improved, 1000-Shot RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE looks, feels, handles like a real western saddle gun. RIFLE ALONE, only $5.50. Or ask Dad for an NRA membership plus Daisy's big Target Outfit containing: RED RYDER CARBINE with 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED, BELL RINGING TARGET, TARGET CARDS, GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE BB's, MANUAL COMPLETE SET only **$7.95**

Prices subject to change w[illegible] notice and higher Rockies W[illegible] [illegible] Do NOT order rifle [illegible] direct—see your dealer

Announcement to Present and Future Daisy Owners:

Ask Dad to buy you a junior membership (only 50c) in the National Rifle Association now or when he gets your Christmas Daisy. Then you can shoot to earn official NRA medals etc. AIR RIFLEMAN tells how to join! Mail coupon!

OFFICIAL NRA BRASSARD CARD JUNIOR RIFLE HANDBOOK

No. 111
GUN ALONE
$5.50

No. 311
Target Outfit
$7.95

MAIL NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 1281, Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

I enclose dime (10c coin) plus unused 3c stamp. Rush postpaid DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK describing NRA junior program for air rifle shooters, benefits of NRA membership *PLUS* information for parents, adults organizations on Supervising, Sponsoring junior air rifle shooters.

NAME______________________________

STREET & NO __________________________

CITY________________STATE__________

DAISY *Air Rifles*

No. 25
PUMP GUN
"King of All Air Rifles" **$7.50**

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. 1291, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U.S.A